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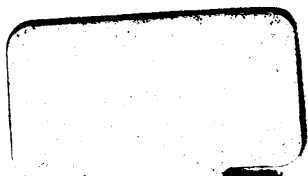
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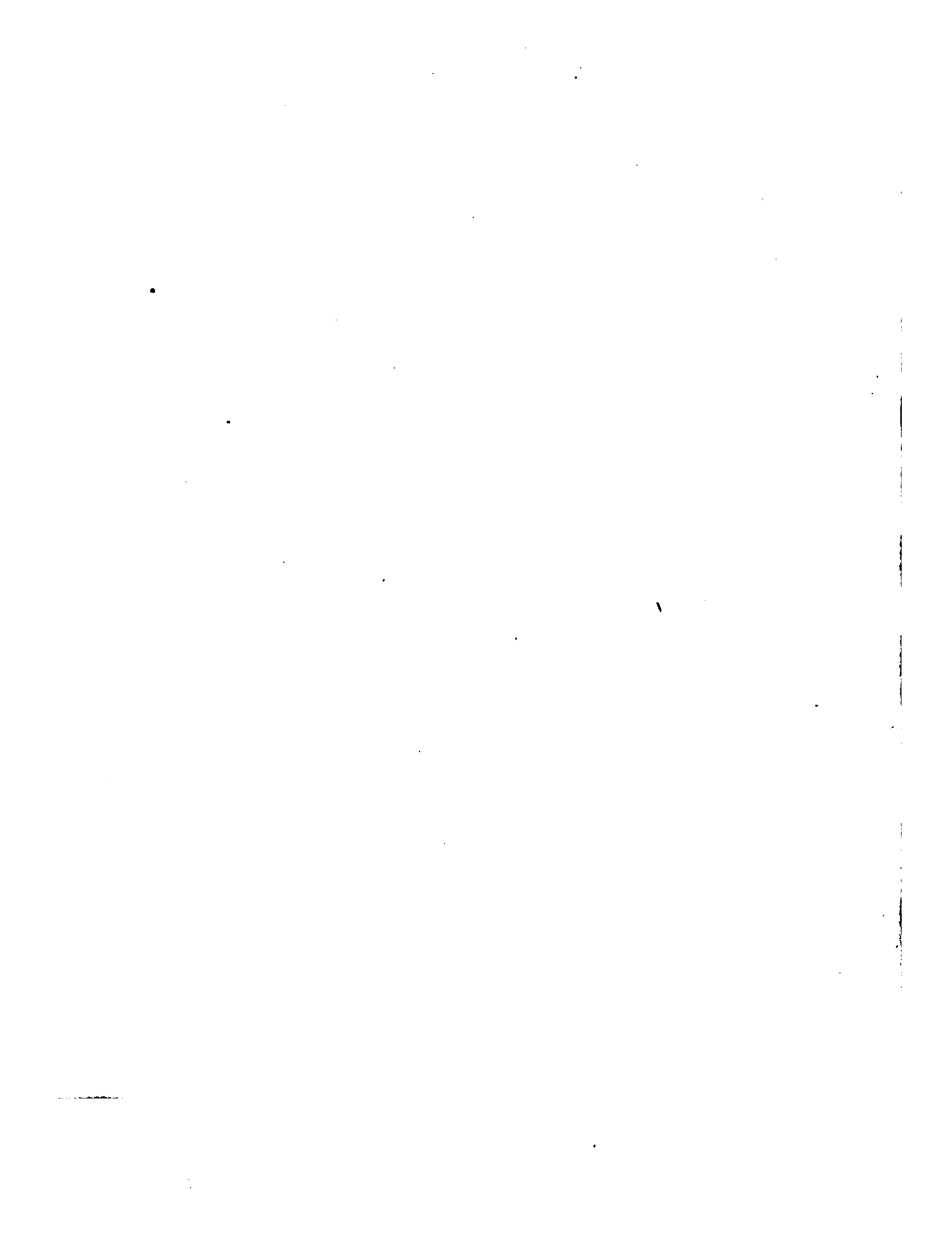
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IN THE FURROW

POEMS BY

Lewis Worthington Smith

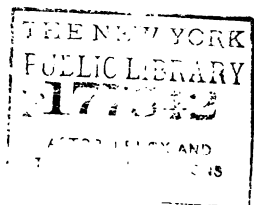
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BY

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

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IN THE FURROW.

Let me follow in the furrow while you turn the black soil
over;

Let me breathe the smell of Mother Earth I have not
known so long.

Here last summer through the sun and rain grew timothy
and clover,

Here again I feel my heart alive with all the joy of song.
Though I come each spring-returning to the same instinct-
ive rapture,

It could never be more wonderful a transport than today.
Let me follow in the furrow that my heart may so recapture
The dreams that chased the swallow's flight and lost it
far away.

Not the perfume of the violet or hyacinth or lily
Can be sweeter, in the magic of the wonders that should
be,

When my boyish dreaming thought the world one golden
daffodilly

Blown for no one but myself to pluck, and no one else
to see.

Not the breath of any fragrance can be sweeter to my fancy
Than the smell of earth the plowshare turns against the
sun of May.

Let me follow in the furrow while I feel the necromancy
Of dreams that chased the swallow's flight and lost it
far away.

Let me feel the early passions and the primal instincts
thrilling

Every deadened inspiration of the plowshare and the sod,
Till the warm, moist earth with ecstasy my eager soul is
filling,

Such as led my steps in boyhood when the plowman's
path I trod.

Here the corn shall lift its greenness while the rain-washed
winds blow over,

Till it bears the wealth of summer where the dark stalks
droop and sway.

Let me follow in the furrow, every sense an idle rover,
With dreams that chased the swallow's flight and lost it
far away.

GYPSYING.

When you and I go gypsying we'll laugh the whole day long;
We'll stop at every cottage gate and thrill our hearts with
song;

We'll live the joy of summer skies when hopes are well
begun—

When you and I go gypsying we'll travel toward the sun.

We'll use the old, old magic that shall never cease to be;
The charm of love whose mystic spell is over you and me.
Our hearts will know a rapture fine that Time can ne'er
outrun—

When you and I go gypsying we'll travel toward the sun.

With some far eastern splendor strange, with some un-
bought delight,

We'll fill our eager vision as it looks beyond the night;
And still, to feed the fire that burns within our hearts as
one—

When you and I go gypsying we'll travel toward the sun.

We'll leave behind us every care and set our way afar,
Beyond the low horizon's verge to some love-lighted star;
We'll dream the dreams of earth no more, a happier dream
begun—

When you and I go gypsying we'll travel toward the sun.

CODRUS.

This is the way to win the dagger-thrust,
Garbed as a simple rustic of the fields,
They'll never dream they kill the king in me,
While all their hopes go down my way to death;
Or so it will be, if the Delphian god
Has spoken truly,—and what man may doubt
The oracle's decree that only they
Who lose their king shall conquer? Be it so:
I never yet have feared to look on death,
Nor shall I now: but yet I well have wished
To die in battle, boldly facing odds,
Not thus like prowling thief, whose coward heart
But puts on boldness with the darkening night.

My father,—when a boy I first was taught
To wield the sword and throw the javelin,—
Would say that more than any strength of arm
For striking terror deep among the foe,
And better than the bull's-hide set with brass
For warding off the arrow and the spear,
Is in the breast a high and daring heart
That longs for battle as a hawk for prey,
And thinks of danger only as the meed
Of noble spirits that are worthy of it.

I know not if the gods so will or no;
Perchance the nobler spirits whom they deem
Most fit to be companioned with themselves
On high Olympus, they give entrance there,
But only thro' the door of dangers met

And mastered with the spirit of a god.
It must be so; th' eternal ones themselves
Must once have been as mortals. Then how else
Than by the braving of unnumbered ills
Have they become immortal? When the soul
Subdues the cringing terror in the flesh
And laughs at what can make the sudden pulse
Send fevered tumult thro' the startled veins;
When nothing but the thought of being touched.
By some infirmity, however slight,
Yet lessening the soul's nobility,
Can bring pale fear to darken o'er the heart;—
What more of godlike can there be than this?

By any other way I cannot think
That they have climbed Olympus, and for me
This path that leads from Athens, howsoe'er
I travel it as other than a king,
May bring me to the selfsame end at last.
But if it do not—let no thought of that
Assail me; noble deeds are noble deeds,
And nobler as they have the less reward.

What! two to one? right glad am I.
Strike hard, for I am more than common man.
Well done! and now one last avenging stroke,—
No, live to tell your king that by your hand
Is Codrus dead, and gone to seek the gods,
While Athens laughs his gathered power to scorn.

TO ADELAIDE READING CHAUCER.

Dear girl, I saw you yesterday
Trying to laugh a grief away.
"Not so? Not so?" Ah! wherefore then
Seek Chaucer to grow young again,
As if the tale his lips had sung
Might bring new music to your tongue?
What are your years? "Not yet a score?
And Chaucer counted thirty more?"
The figures lie, as figures can
When something blurs the eyes that scan.
Since yesterday you can not be
Ever again as young as he.
His are the thousand joys of spring
When daisies bloom and swallows wing,
While you can only wonder how
Your eyes can try feigned smiling now.

I speak too rudely, as I know;
I am too old to fend a blow
With light-heart laughter. Yes, indeed!
Chaucer is best for every need.
He and his fellows only keep
Young hearts forever while they sleep.
You do no other thing than I
When I must meet the frets that try
The spirit, when I dare not ask
Help from myself for any task.
I give you sympathy, but they
Better than I can steal away

The sting and make you know again
Some pleasure in the haunts of men.
Forgive me that I spoke, and turn
The page again where you may learn
Of Palamon's too tender pain,
Arcita's love and longing vain,
Of that gay, laughing, human rout
The Tabard host led, round and stout,
To Canterbury. Yes, indeed!
Go back to Chaucer for your need.

SOUTHERN STARS.

The earth rolls onward night by night through wondrous
arcs of sky;
Aldebaran, the Pleiades, and Sirius go by.
The Great Bear, Draco, Perseus, and Cassiopeia keep
Their silent watch of centuries, though I should wake or
sleep;
But on my little spot of earth there may not come to me
The vision of the Southern Cross above the southern sea.

Job saw Arcturus, Plato watched the marshaled host go by;
Their spirits thrill to meet my own from out the midnight
sky.
Chaldean shepherds lost in awe are with me as I gaze;
Upon us falls the reverent hush of wonder and amaze;
But I may never share the joy, the rapture fine and free,
Of those who watch the Argo breast the glowing southern
sea.

I listen to the tales they tell of wonders strange and far,
St. Peter's dome, the sphinx of Nile, the mosques of Kandahar.
The thoughts they think, the dreams they dream, the songs
their poets sing,
Were better than the silks and gems the eager traders
bring;
But what shall make me feel akin, as aliens yet may be,
To those who see the Southern Cross light up the southern
sea?

THE QUEST.

With books and beetles till the dawn is twilight
From care he finds release;
And on his face there falls from heaven's wide skylight
The raptured glow of peace.

I can but guess the mysteries he masters,
Too deep for idle speech,
The wisdom of the daisies and the asters,
The willow and the beech.

Sometimes I see him where the shadows lengthen
Among the clustered trees,
At gaze upon the nests where young birds strengthen
Or watching flower-caught bees.

Sometimes the beauty of a blossom blowing
I show him for his praise,
And to the warmth that in his cheek is glowing
Its cool, soft leaves he lays.

"But still," he says, "the beauty of the lily
Is not so fair and fine
As is the thought that works within it stilly,
A birth of love divine."

And sometimes when a bird sings past, a flashing
Of red or brown or blue,
In sweeping curves that make it seem a dashing
Of grace within our view;

He says, all rapt, "That airy flight wide-winged
Is not so strangely sweet
As is the subtle harmony of singing
Wherever song may beat.

"In peopled lands and desert isles of ocean
One law and purpose sway,
One bond for plant and man and circling motion
Of planets on their way.

"The law of growth, of change that seeks the newer
And casts the old aside,
That leaves the true for hope of something truer,
The dawn for noon's high-tide."

And sometimes when the day is dying slowly
The mellow voice of flute
From out his chamber breathes so soft and lowly
That all my soul is mute.

And sometimes when a withered leaf before us
Falls flutteringly down,
A sudden silence of dimmed eyes steals o'er us
And hides the misty town.

"There is," he says, "but one thing finer, fairer,
More beautiful than death;
The life that from it grows to being rarer,
Informed with sweeter breath.

"For life that is and was but shapes the morrow;
The birth of each new day
Is gladdened thru its sadness by the sorrow
Of old things passed away."

And sometimes when the wind is in the beeches
And clouds have crossed the sky,
He lifts his eyes beyond the spirit's reaches,
As rooks go clamoring by;

And in the tender smile that chides my seeing
At last I surely know,
That he has caught the inmost soul of being;
He feels and loves it so.

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The III

ALICIA TOLD ME.

Last night Alicia, with her stately air,
Said, "Dear, I love you," she, the good and fair.
My heart could hardly hold its new delight,
I scarcely knew that I had speech or sight,
Or that 'twas really given me to hear
Alicia telling me, "I love you, dear."

Last night Alicia wore—I seem to see
Her gloves, her dress, her hat's fine filigree;
The chandelier, that half her face in shade
And half in more than passing beauty made,
Comes back—her dress was gray—at least I know—
I never dreamed that she would love me so.

Last night Alicia told me how it came
There kindled in her heart so high a flame.
I could not understand it; still I seem
To wander in the mazes of a dream.
And yet what matters it, the while I know
Alicia loves me? Yes, she told me so.

SPRING RAIN.

The cry of the water-courses for the songs of the forest
children,

The hint of the freshness of springing green where the
winter drift has lain;

A hope of the world-wide spaces in the balm of the wind's
caresses,

And deep at the heart of the under-world the joy of the
roots in rain.

The shiver of plashing footsteps where the rushes drink
and tremble,

The glint of the April-changing sun on the drop of leaf-
held dew;

The joy of the home-returning of the wind-winged prairie
children

To paths that the grasses bend above and the wild
things loiter through.

The strength of the horses ploughing in the breath of the
meadow grasses,

The subtle sense of the earth astir beneath the plough-
man's feet;

The hopes of the hills at even ere the twilight lamps dis-
semble,

The will to be going on and on where the long, long
highways meet.

The world is a world of distance for the feet of the wild-
wood children,
The rivers would have them follow on, the grasses bid
them stay;
The near and the far are passions when the south wind
breathes upon them,
And all of the rover instincts wake and the joys of the
dream-free way.

ITALY.

Beyond the Alps lies Italy, a dream and a despair;
God thought and made her wonderful; He smiled and made
her fair.

He gave her joy of sunny skies and throes of want and war
And yearnings after holiness, and sins to answer for.

She heard the voice of Cicero,
And Vergil's music in its flow
Of sweetness; saw the eagle eye
Of Caesar as he came to die.
And Paul and Nero, meek and proud,
Faced each the other in some crowd,
Perhaps, when Rome for holiday
Poured out along the Applan Way.
Bocaccio, Dante, Agnolo,
Savanarola, Dandolo,
Here sounded earth and heaven and hell,
And Borgia passed the tales they tell.
She saw the rise of Peter's dome
And Sulla's legions marching home.
She saw Rienzi, Raphael,
Mazzini, and Emmanuel,
From gardens where the olives grow
And Alpine heights of summer snow.
She lived and suffered, learned and gave,
And earned the birthright of the slave.

And yesterday there came to me,
Across the distance of the sounding sea,
A story seeming old as all the years,
The story of fair Italy in tears.

Earth's martyr, passion-pale,
Yet upward looking from her eyes of woe,
The burden of long griefs and hopes that fail
Bends all her beauty low.

Beyonds the Alps lies Italy, a dream and a despair;
God thought and made her wonderful; He smiled and made
her fair.

He bade her learn through suffering and teach and learn
again,

Till passion grows to wisdom as she ministers to men.

COMRADES OF THE ROAD.

The leap of the rods of polished steel is the brain of man
on fire;
The surge and sigh of the prisoned steam is the throbbing
of desire.
The gleam of the headlight fills the dark, as once when his
thought was new,
The dreamer's passionate longing to flaming purpose grew,
Till, shaping the iron with a craftsman's skill, he made it
a thing of life,
A wonder to flash from land to land with message of peace
or strife.
And, oh! in the sweep of the long-gone years some spark
from the souls that glow
With forge-heat of thought in travail has flashed you a soul,
I know.

Pale-browed, and the world looked careless down—who
were they? I feel the thrill
That answers the opened throttle and know they are living
still.
Mad dreamers with visions phantom-bred? Blank failure
stamped on the brow?
The throb of a pulse of wondrous power gives other answer
now.
The patient strength of a courage high, unwavering, firm,
and calm
Has gone to shaping the iron I feel aquiver beneath my
palm.

The care of a thousand hands and brains has made it a
thing to trust,
The living soul of the kings of mind while the kings of the
earth are dust.

To-night we are off through the twilight glow, before us the
prairie waits;
The silver streak of the sunken sun grows dark in the
western gates.
I hear the beat of your eager heart, in the surge of your
will, rise high;
The warm caress of my loving hand feels something that
cannot die.
Shall we take the road with our hearts grown glad to dare
the dread of the dark?
To thrill with joy in the rushing miles that only ourselves
may mark?
Do you feel your might like a clean-limbed god, new-bathed
in the morning dew?
Will there come no pang of the labored hours when the
sunrise brings the blue?

But, oh! your soul is a woman's soul, and your mood a
woman's mood,
So prompt to answer, so quick to feel, so fine and unsub-
dued;
And maybe a tremor of fear has come, perhaps some harm
foreshows.
Some dread may lurk in the breathless dark that only your
pulse-beat knows.

From those who fashioned you, one by one, long decades
with hand and brain,
Your sensitive nature draws some touch of the high prophetic strain.
And on through the night, we drive at one, responsive each to each,
Both rapt alike on the shining track, no need for idle speech.

On either side of us darkness broods, behind us the lights grow dim.
The sweep of the night and the prairie wide dies over the earth's broad rim.
The petty fancies that held us fast in the grip of mean desires
Are cleansed as gold in the furnace blast where we pile the mounting fires.
They fall behind us like flakes of foam in the eddying torrent born,
And slowly and surely the fleeting east grows bright with the hues of morn.
Still tried and true as a woman's love you answer the trust bestowed,
And on and on we thrill with joy, the comrade joy of the road.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

Brother of Shakespeare—brothers as men must be
Who sail together an uncharted sea,
Daring what others would not dare or dream,
Fixing their eyes unswerving on the gleam
That through the darkness and the storm must lead
On to the strange, new world, the fair fresh deed,
"Freebooter" to the thoughts of lesser men,
"Barbarian" to the critic's bitter pen—
Brother of Shakespeare, Shakespeare's England now
Might make us less her lovers, but that thou,
Lifting her up to wonder in men's eyes,
Even so didst make her worth the glad surprise
That turns a poet's brain to joy and song,
To rapture and enchantment's eager throng
Of noble Imogenes, sad Romeos,
Fair Rosalinds, and antic Dromios;
That makes the heart a passion and a thrill,
A wonder and a silence sweet and still.

Brother of Shakespeare, England's strength and will,
As he was England's heart and mind, I fill
One brimming beaker to the sword that hung
Close at thy side, the ready hands that flung
The power of Spain upon the tumbling seas
With careless laughter as of kings at ease;
One brimming beaker as the pledge goes round
And in our ears the world-wide surges sound.

THE PRAIRIE.

My soul is out on the prairie where the eye may sweep afar
From gold of the burnished heaven to the silver evening
star.

I am not fenced by human eyes
That shut me in from nature's guise,
To shroud me in convention, make my spirit one with those
That pace some narrow close.
The grass in its tangled sweetness,
The sky in its wide completeness,
The breath of the wind that strays and tarries,
The misty line where the earth hue marries
The blue of heaven; these suffice
To give to my raptured spirit the thrilling of surprise,
And laughter to mine eyes.

However long the prairie swells may wait for heaven's tears
To fall with loving tenderness for blight and dearth of
years,

The gentian springs when first she smiles,
The wind-flower wakens, yellow isles
Of goldenrod start up between
The billowy reaches of sun-kissed green;
The soul of the prairie knows no longer
The ache of waiting; a passion stronger
Than life or loving or hero-burning
Or warm caressing of mother-yearning,
Grows subtly sweet in the wind and weather,
In wooing touch of the swan's dropped feather;

And over the sea of the prairie lightly the heart looks far
away
For sails to show in the offing through the sunset gates of
day.

The twilight fades on the prairie, the night comes wide
and far;
The hush of the soft wind deepens in the light of one pale
star.

And faintly, sweetly, slowly, through infinitudes of space,
New-glowing out of darkness like the love of some rapt face,
Flames out the sudden brightness of the gloom-discovered
suns,

And awe and rapture quicken to a hope that hope outruns.
The vastness that is time and space and love broods warm
and near;

The silence is a glory and the dark is crystal-clear.

There is joy and strength in the prairie with its wild and
steadfast mood;

The brown hills hide their tenderness like a maiden not yet
wooed.

And blossom and life and color are but waiting for the rain
To thrill to the kiss of summer after cold and drouth and
pain;

To sway as the wind blows over,
Half won by the light-heart rover;
To lift in the sun and the rain and dew
Unwavering eyes to the star-deep blue;
To make sweet food for the wild deer straying,
And grassy paths for the rabbits playing;

To hear the ring-doves' wailing flight,
The wolf's long howl through the silent night,
And low and clear,
And sweet and near,
The plash of the river winding slow
By the sedgy banks where the willows grow,
And, soft as the murmur of swarming bees,
The sigh of wind-bowed trees.

The sun and the rain of God's great love shall touch my
life some day,
And cold and drouth of the burdened years shall blossom
into May.
The wind-swept perfumes over me shall beat from the land
of balm;
Wide-arching heavens shall flood my soul with deep on
deep of calm.
The passion of the prairie out of self shall take me far,
As I look along the reaches to the dim horizon bar,
Where earth and heaven are met and mixed in amethystine
light,
The flush of morning purpled with the glory of the night.

THE WIND IS IN THE SOUTH.

The perfumes quicken down the breeze;
A hint of tumbling southern seas
Comes over me; the trembling trees

Forget the day of drouth.

My heart is set to the mood of longing;
With nymphs are the vaporous woodlands thronging;
My feet must go where my soul is going;
My ear must listen to waters flowing;

The wind is in the south.

The far spice islands call me still;
The haze is incense on each hill;
The laughing rivers feel the thrill;

The soft airs kiss my mouth.

The liting languor of loving laughter
May lull me here, but my heart cries after
The passion-flower with its tropic splendor,
The wild, sweet plaint of the bird-calls tender;

The wind is in the south.

The fountains splash the long year through;
Swan, lyre-bird, eagle, fleck the blue;
The sun-kissed flowers of every hue

Smile on, nor dream of drouth.

Your hand in mine—we will go together
With hearts of joy for the wave and weather,
With sudden song in our voices welling
To mate the rapture our eyes are telling;

The wind is in the south.

TO ARCADY.

And you are going to Arcady?

Nay, do not tell me no.

I see by the April that laughs and lingers,
Like music adream in a maiden's fingers,
In eye and in dimple of cheek and lip,
By the blithesome air as you lightly trip
Away on the road so joyously,
The dreams your heart must know.

And what shall you bring from Arcady?

Ah, yes, what shall it be?

Perhaps, who knows, in a land where laughter
Gives never a thought to sadness after,
Perhaps in the splendor of sunny skies
You will live right on into paradise;
And there in the wonder of Arcady
Will have no thought for me.

Will I go with you to Arcady?

I fear it may not be.

The balmy fragrance of April wooing
Can come no more for my care's undoing.
The flowers would wither before our feet,
If I went with you; the moments fleet
Would lengthen to hours on Arcady,
Long, dreary hours with me.

And what is the road to Arcady?
I wonder who can tell.
It led my feet through the spring-bright places
Where smiled before me your mother's graces;
And you—I must know I have only dreamed
Of the things that were and the things that seemed,
While you, too, danced to Arcady
With smiles of gay farewell.

And you will come back from Arcady?
Ah, dear, that it must be.
And I would gladly be ever lonely
To know that your eyes held laughter only,
That over your head the sky shone blue,
And into your heart its dreams came true,
The sun-kissed dreams of Arcady,
Happy as birds set free.

NEW ENGLAND.

Wherever hearts are true and strong,
Wherever conscience wars with wrong,
Wherever manhood dares to die,
And womanhood is pure and high;
On mountain peak, or plain, or sea,
The soul's one cry must ever be:
 Thank God for old New England.

The warrior's sword and poet's pen
Are thine to wield, but only when
The cause of right demands the blow,
When thou wouldst lay proud Error low;
Then only does thy face of love
Grow dark with sternness from above;
 O, grandly great New England!

For those enslaved in life, in thought,
Thy blood, thy tongue, hath freedom bought.
The arm of justice in its might,
The thrilling voice of truth and right,
The patriot ardor, glowing warm,
With courage calm in battle-storm,
 Are in the name, New England.

SUMMER.

When the year grows happy-hearted, as it trembles into
June,

Life is one long lilt of music, to the chord of love atune.

Harp of Orpheus, sighing low

Where the meadow grasses grow,

Lifts the soul of every flower-stalk into beauty's tender glow.

All along the brooklet ringing

Where the joy-filled birds are winging,

Comes a sudden breath of singing.

Is it Pan, with lyre-led laughter, coming back from long
ago?

Or the voice of sainted maiden whom no eyes of earth may
know?

Water breaking on the pebbles is the harp that David
played,

Calm and sweet with tender whispers, like the talk of man
with maid.

Mendelssohn may stop our feet,

Liquid measures low and sweet,

Filling all the heart with sadness for a joy it sighs to meet.

Bach, whose eyes are with the holy,

Breathing stately now and lowly,

Like a statue carven slowly—

Who would care for other heaven than some dark and cool
retreat,

Where the ear may hearken only to soft music, nobly sweet?

Mozart's magic, Handel's meaning, flute-like in the organ-
tone,

Swelling through the diapason with a majesty their own.

Haydn from the azure sphere,

Sends a note as sweet and clear,

Till the very heaven of heaven touches earth, and God is
here.

Chorused voices softly blending

Prayer and praise that have no ending

For a love divine descending

In the lily buds and blossoms under summer's golden sky,
Where the water glasses heaven, and the mosses love to lie.

Rapt Rossini, walking stately in a reverie serene,

In the solemn hush of evening where the boughs are darkly
green.

Dear old Schubert, tender-toned,

Like a viol Time has loaned

From the storehouse of the ages, in a living love enthroned.

Liszt, the thunderous, power's high master,

Pulsing fast, and pulsing faster,

Till the heart is filled with vaster

Hopes and fears than any mortal ever formed from earthly
clay,

Such as dwell in gods and heroes, when their highest
dreams have sway.

Great Beethoven, mage of music, prophet-visioned, rapture-
thrilled,

In the cadenced notes harmonic, sweet and solemn, subtly
skilled;

Life a symphony complete,

Where the mastered passions beat,

Where the flush of summer's sunrise and the cool of even-
ing meet.

Balfe, where charm is half in sighing,

Half in laughter. Verdi vying

Through the "Miserere's" dying

Plaint of sweetness, with the masters who have lifted eyes
of love

From the passing light of summer to a purer light above.

Wagner's lightning-flash at noonday, when the giant trees
are bent,

When the mighty winds blow seaward and the blackened
clouds are rent,

When the rain is swept and swirled

Till it might engulf a world,

And at even-song the freshened earth has flags of green
unfurled.

Calm Gounod and Leybach, dreaming

Over earth new-made in seeming,

Where the silver moonlight streaming

Smiles the golden crown of summer, peace and plenty,
down its beams,

Flooding joy and rosy promise through the woven web of
dreams.

TO THE JAPANESE.

Out of the West we cry to you,
New-risen lords of the East.
We are glad of the story
That tells of your glory.
We are glad to receive you
As brothers, believe you
The chosen of heaven to battle her down.
To make of the scourge and the fear of the nations
A sacrifice smoking with happy oblations,
To brand all her shames on her brow for a crown,
To battle and battle her down.

Out of the West we call to you,
New-risen lords of the East.
In earth's desolate places
The down-trodden races
To the heavens are flinging
A rapture of singing;
They know you are coming to battle her down.
The Jew and the Finn join in sending you greeting;
Their hearts, to the tune of your battle-song beating,
Urge forward your feet, toward the conqueror's crown,
To battle and battle her down.

Out of the West we pray to you,
New-risen lords of the East.
Over hill and valley
Where the Cossacks rally,
Through Siberia's vastness,
Past the mountain fastness,
Go on and on till you battle her down.
She who is ever a pitiless master
Should find pitiless hearts in her own disaster,
As you flame with the sword over field and town,
To battle and battle her down.

TO THE WHITE CZAR.

A boyish song I wrote once; the refrain,
"Hail to the White Czar!" should have cried in pain
Or flung the madness of a man's hot hate
Upon the winds of heaven. I knew too late
The execrations of the throttled years,
The passion of the dumb mouths, and the tears.
Upon my fancy flamed the polar star—
I thought I hailed with millions the White Czar.

Not just Siberia's long life in death,
Not just the exile's hunger-faltering breath—
Not Kishineff alone—may man forget
Each pledge of brotherhood with all its debt,
And live and die a slave, a dumb, blind brute
Chained to the conqueror's car, ignobly mute
Beneath the lash; may pestilence and death
Haunt him with cringing fears, and the hot breath
Of hell's last torments sear his living eyes
Until oblivion were paradise,
If ever his forgetful peace should cry,
"Hail to the White Czar!" to the offended sky.

Not just the curse of Finland's rights disdained,
Of human thought disfranchised and enchained,
Not just the Doukhobors—God give us pause
Here for a moment, that each righteous cause
May touch our memories with a living flame
And make the glory of our lives a shame
Of unconcern, when wrongs were crying loud,

And there before us hung the fiery cloud
Our eyes refused to see. Though councils meet
And call on peace to give her sanction sweet
To bloody error, may wild war fling down
Her ringing gauntlet; in the smoking town
May madness smite them who shall cry again
"Hail to the White Czar!" for the ears of men.

Not just to see the slave climb up to power,
To watch his soulless intrigue every hour,
And in Manchuria—if there could be
Hope that the chained should make another free,
Or that the blind might look beyond his fears
And see the glory of the far-off years,
We might be somehow glad to see him rise
And shake his serfhood from his heavy eyes.
The death of innocents—too long, too long
They suffer in the silence of the strong.
The lying hopes that checked our eager hands
Must not keep off forever the demands
Of human sympathy. If those who bow
Under the yoke must still be slaves, let now
No throttling claws of empire seek to draw
New victims for the madly hungry maw.
Let all the risen dead who cried in vain
Again give voice to all the world-old pain,
And find at last the hearts of men not cold
With calculating reason; let the old
Unchanging curse of Cain strike him who cries,
"Hail to the White Czar!" while his fellow dies.

THRENODY.

On slopes of Helicon the sunlight falls;
The purple distance is a mistly veil;
The far-off wonder to my spirit calls:
The forms of dreams are thronging coldly pale.
But Pan, sweet Pan, along the reedy hollows
Awakes no more the music rapture follows.
The dryads of the wood with echoed laughter
No longer to his pipe come trooping after.
From grove and stream the fairy-soul has fled;
The ancient gods are dead; sweet Pan is dead.

Would I could hear some triton's silver horn,
See Aphrodite rising from the foam;
Or look upon Olympus while the morn
In golden glory floods the starry dome!
No more Minerva, grown divinely tender,
Upon Ulysses bends her eyes of splendor.
No more Apollo answers at his altars;
No more the suppliant before them falters.
The nereids have sought the ocean bed;
The ancient gods are dead; sweet Pan is dead.

Platea's soil is sacred as of old;

In Salamis the white spray flashes still;
But never more in prophecy is told

Apollo's promise or dark Hera's will.

The winds may pluck the reeds for music mellow,
Or buoyant lift some song-bird's throat of yellow;
But not again the god's deft fingers straying
Shall charm the fawns and dryads with his playing.

My steps from sea to height are longing-led;

The ancient gods are dead; sweet Pan is dead.

THE VIOLIN.

Laughing you cry to me. Throbbing with splendor
The sun brings up the day.
Soft are your whisperings. Hazy and tender
The night-mists drift away.
Slowly, carressingly,
Idly, confessingly
Trembles my hand on the string.
Dreamily, musingly,
Swiftly, confusingly
All your soul thrills as you sing.
So in your Italy, summer delighting you,
Life was a rapture of longing inviting you,
Making you human with strange, sweet excesses,
Making you tender for woman's caresses,
Making you vibrant with feelings that live again,
Making you glad in a joy you can give again.
Over you now
Throbbingly bow
Passions of happiness borne on the stream of your refulgent
memories,
Palpitant sympathies warm as if flashed from the striking
of emeries,
Hatreds clashed out from the careless and sun-lighted
laughter of Italy,
Joy of the dancers and opulent speech glancing lightly and
wittily.
Strange, it is strange, but I feel it; you take me again
Over strange pathways and into the hearts of strange men.

You are the soul of their souls, for they bowed their
heads low,
Giving their ears to your breast as their hands to the bow.
You are the heart of their hearts, and I feel the strange
thrill
Deep in the pulse of your ecstasy calling me still.

Trembling you answer me. Dreamily distant
The reapers bind the sheaves.
In through the window comes, idly persistent,
The hush and rain of leaves.
Singingly, sobbingly,
Ringingly, throbbingly,
Surges the swell and the flow,
Loudly and thrillingly,
Softly and stillingly,
Under the touch of the bow.
You who were shaped by the master so cunningly,
Formed to make melody ripple so runningly,
Once knew the beggar's wild gypsying pain,
Sighed with the sting of a lover's disdain,
Felt on your neck the firm hand of a king,
Made the loud-echoing battle-cry ring.
Now on my breast
Vibrant you rest,
Living it over and telling it over and making me know it
again,
Drawing the heart of my passion apart from the common-
place passions of men.
Joys of the waifs who have loved you and sung to you,

Griefs of the strong who have sought you and clung to
you,

Answer my palpitant will in your strings,
Make my voice dumb with ineffable things.

So you have lived, a Cremona, a pauper, a prince,
Loved and forgotten, wept over. These time-stains evince
Passions that struck to the heart, that you cannot forget,
Mellowed and sweetened by time, but immutable yet.
So you have learned from the chance and the change you
have known,

Not to be worn by the years, but to make them your own.
So you are prodigal, giving and giving again,
Still growing richer in all the sweet fancies of men.
So you are tender forever, and impulses swarm
Out of the heart of your memories, pulsing and warm.

Strange are your sympathies. Out in the garden
The perfumed petals fall.

Love is undying. Hate's passionate pardon
Sighs through and over all.

Under the olives I walk with you,
Under the moon and the stars and dew.
Something is calling our eager feet,
Calling us tenderly, warm and sweet.
Shall we go back where the dancers spin,
Losing themselves to the violin?

AFTER INGATHERING.

From purple grape the juice is pressed,
The grain and nuts are stored;
The time has come to give the best
Your memory has in hoard.

And I will watch the fireplace flame,
The breath of song shall blow,
And you will tell across the game
Old tales of long ago.

Outside the winter storm and cold,
The winter warmth within,
And all the things we lived of old,
Soft-footed thronging in.

Our curtained peace shall hold the best
That fancy seeks or seems;
The strenuous hours shall pause and rest,
Like thoughts that drift in dreams.

THE CROWD.

... the crowd
... to ask
... the mask
...
... the night
... the night
... the night

... the dark
... the tree
... the tree
... the tree
... the tree
... the tree
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... the tree

There are so many, and this hour
 You draw so strangely near to each
 While all their silence grows to speech,
As if the lighted dark could dower
 Your will with instincts strange and new
 To pierce each fleshly curtain through
 To souls that smile or cower.

I feel it, too, the human spell,
 The wish to let my fancies touch
 The thousand things they live; so much
To crave and know, to feel and tell,
 Lest all the joys I shape should seem
 The idle phantoms of a dream,
 Sent, not from heaven, but hell.

I know just why you turn to me,
 And so you need not be afraid
 To ease your heart; the hour has made,
And not my eyes, the wish you see.
 Your thoughts that lightly wing so far
 I take for just the things they are,
 And keep my spirit free.

And yet a woman passed but now
That such an hour, perhaps, deceived
Until she loved and then believed
His love as sure, before, somehow,
The world swam round her and she knew
Her soul found death. And did not you
Discern that on her brow?

I heard a laugh not far away;
Some girl has found her life aglow
With all the world's great noise and show;
And over there they leave the play
With talk of footlight false and true.
Upon the real, the old yet new,
We let our wondering stay.

I do not laugh at all you say.
To-morrow if you bring a rose
Plucked in your garden's quiet close
When sight is surer in the day,
The things you promise with your eyes
May seem too true for my surprise
To put the hope away.

